INDEX The Montreal Literary Calendar



DRAMA BY Tetsuro Shigematsu

POETRY BY
Richard Harrison
Muhammad al-Maghut
(translated by John
Asfour & Alison Burch)

SECRET

PANTYHOSE & SOCKS
BAS-CULOTTES ET
CHAUSSETTES

INDEX The Montreal Literary Calendar

is proud to present

A Tribute to Muhammad al-Maghut

Eight Montreal writers will read and comment on selected poems by the internationally acclaimed Arabic poet.

The featured readers are:

Joe Fiorito

Ruth Taylor

Mark Abley

Claire Rothman

Bruce Taylor

Charlotte Hussey

P. Scott Lawrence

Yeshim Ternar

Born in Syria in 1934, al-Maghut has lived mainly in Beirut since the mid-1950s, where he was an early and active proponent of modernism in literature. In recent years he has resided in Damascus, though he frequently visits Beirut. Besides publishing poetry he has gained a reputation as a noted playwright and screenwriter.

At odds with the characteristically austere and 'elevated' tone of Arabic poetry, al-Maghut is a unique voice. His poetry is at the same time realistic, preposterous, and tragic, with a strong edge of satire.

date: Tuesday, October 25

time: 7:00 p.m.

place: Atwater Library, 1200 Atwater

Admission is free.

For more information, please call 495-1847.

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Publisher & Managing Editor Stephanie Blanshay

> Prose Editor Denise Roig

Poetry Editor Carmine Starnino

Designer & Editorial Assistant Sara Johnston

Advertising Manager Herbert Reid

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Photographer Eric Grauer is currently studying at Concordia University by day, and is a fondue rock star by night. For more information about the photographs or the photographer, please call 849-9548.

The Montreal Literary Calenda

Founded in 1994/Vol.1, No.7 October 1994

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Alison Burch) Stars and Rain

A Surplus Man Even The Branches Tremble

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Sweet Everlasting **Bruce Whiteman**

Contributor's Notes

Tetsuro Shigematsu recently graduated in Inter-related Arts from Concordia University. He has worked as an actor, casting director, playwright and graphic designer. His one-man show, *Rising Son*, played to full houses for two consecutive weekends in Montreal this summer.

* * *

Richard Harrison did his M.A. in English at Concordia. His thesis, *Recovering the Naked Man*, was published in 1991 by Wolsak & Wynn who will be publishing *Hero of the Play* this November. Richard was born in Toronto in 1957. He attended Trent University where he later taught philosophy and writing. He now lives in Toronto with his wife Lisa, and they are expecting their first child in December.

* * *

John Asfour edited and translated When the Words Burn: An Anthology of Modern Arabic Poetry 1947-1987 (Cormorant Books, 1988). His poetry collection, One Fish from the Rooftop, was recently published, also by Cormorant. Alison Burch's poetry and translations have appeared in literary journals. For several years she has been teaching adult education courses in Montreal. The poems by Muhammad al-Maghut which appear in INDEX have been selected from Joy is not my Profession, due to be released this month by Véhicule Press.

* * *

Poet and scholar, Bruce Whiteman is Head of the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, McGill University Librairies. *Lasting Impressions: A Short History of English Publishing in Quebec* (Véhicule, 1994) is his most recent book.

Listings

READINGS

Monday, October 3

8:00 p.m.

JOHN ALEXANDER, funky jazz eatery, presents **Literary Readings** every Monday night. The readings will take place at the bar/restaurant, 2065 Bishop. For more information, please call 289-1889.

9:00 p.m.

The Urban Wanderers Reading Series presents Day Trips: 24-hour-old fiction, with James Boothroyd, Pat Webster, Denise Roig and David Helwig. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent Blvd. Proceeds go to ReCLAIM, the Reading Council for Literacy Advance in Montreal. For more information, please call 484-3186.

Thursday, October 6 8:00 p.m.

The Yellow Door Coffee House presents Literature Live with poetry/prose performance group Fluffy Pagan Echoes. The 5-member troupe will perform individual as well as group pieces. Following the featured performers, a short period of open mike will take place, and members of the audience will be invited to share something from their own writings. The reading will take place at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer. Admission is \$2.00, and refreshments will be available for 50 cents. For more information, please call 398-6243.

Monday, October 10

8:00 p.m.

JOHN ALEXANDER, funky jazz eatery, presents **Literary Readings** every Monday night. The readings will take place at the bar/restaurant, 2065 Bishop. For more information, please call 289-1889.

Tuesday, October 11 1:30 p.m.

Culturama presents a reading and commentary by world renowned Canadian novelist **Robertson Davies**, who will also be launching his latest work, *The Cunning Man*. The reading will take place in the Cummings Auditorium of the Museum of Fine Arts, 1379 Sherbrooke St. West. Admission is \$5.00. For reservations and information, please call 937-7937.

Sunday, October 16 10:00 a.m.

The Gazette and Paragraphe Bookstore & Café present the second of Books & Breakfast, with readings, signings and a chance to meet the authors of recently released books, as well as an elegant full-course breakfast. This Breakfast features Bronwyn Drainie, author of My Jerusalem, Neil Bissoondath, author of Selling Illusions: The Cult of Multiculturalism in Canada, and Maggie Siggins, author of Riel: A Life of Revolution, with Josh Freed as moderator. The event will take place in the Oval Room at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, 1228 Sherbrooke St. West. Seating is limited, so buy your tickets in advance at Paragraphe or at The Gazette. Admission is \$20 (plus GST), which includes a full-course breakfast. For more information, please call Richard King at 845-5811, or Reena Santini at 987-2509.

Monday, October 17

8:00 p.m.

JOHN ALEXANDER, *funky jazz eatery*, presents **Literary Readings** every Monday night. The readings will take place at the bar/restaurant, 2065 Bishop. For more information, please call 289-1889.

9:00 p.m.

The Urban Wanderers Reading Series presents Moved by the Muse: An Evening in the Muses' Company, with Endre Farkas, Ruth Taylor, Katherine Beeman and Ian Stephens. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent Blvd. Proceeds to benefit ReCLAIM. For more information, please call 484-3186.

Tuesday, October 18 5:30 p.m.

Dawson College presents a reading by American poet **C.K. Williams**, author of *Lies*, *I Am the Bitter Name* and *Flesh and Blood*, as part of their 1993-1994 International Poets Series hosted by Michael Harris. The reading will take place in The Amphitheatre, rm. 4C.1, at Dawson, 3040 Sherbrooke St. West. Admission is free. For more information, please call 931-8731, ext. 1359.

Thursday, October 20

8:00 p.m.

The Yellow Door Coffee House presents Literature Live with poet Brian McKnight, author of Guatemala and Other Poems, and others still TBA. Following the featured performers, a short period of open mike will take place, and members of the audience will be encouraged to share something from their own writing. The reading will take place at the Yellow Door, 3625

Aylmer. Admission is \$2.00, and refreshments will be available for 50 cents. For more information, please call 398-6243.

Monday, October 24

8:00 p.m.

JOHN ALEXANDER, funky jazz eatery, presents **Literary Readings** every Monday night. The readings will take place at the bar/restaurant, 2065 Bishop. For more information, please call 289-1889.

9:00 p.m.

The Urban Wanderers Reading Series presents From Distant Shores, with Yeshim Ternar, Elias Letelier-Ruz and Camie Kim. The reading will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent Blvd. Proceeds to benefit ReCLAIM. For more information, please call 484-3186.

Tuesday, October 25 7:00 p.m.

INDEX presents a tribute to Muhammad al-Maghut. Eight Montreal writers read and comment on selected poems by the internationally acclaimed Arabic poet. Featured writers are Joe Fiorito, Ruth Taylor, Mark Abley, Claire Rothman, Bruce Taylor, Charlotte Hussey, P. Scott Lawrence and Yeshim Ternar. The reading will take place at the Atwater Library, 1200 Atwater. Admission is free. For more information, please call 495-1847.



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9:00 p.m.

The Café Gallery Phoenix presents the poetry/prose performance group the Fluffy Pagan Echoes. The Echoes, made up of Victoria Stanton, Justin McGrail, Vince Tinguely, Ran, and Scott Duncan, are a group of writers/poets interested in making words come alive and entertaining the audience. The performance will take place at the Phoenix, 3901 St. Laurent Blvd. For more information, please call Scott at 495-8486.

Saturday, October 29

8:00 p.m.

The Jewish Public Library presents an evening of **Yiddish Poetry, Humour and Song**, in celebration of Jewish Book Month. The evening will take place at the Joseph and Ida Berman Auditorium of the library, 5151 Côte Ste. Catherine Road. Admission is \$8.00, \$5.00 for seniors and students. For more information, please call 345-2627.

Monday, October 31

8:00 p.m.

JOHN ALEXANDER, *funky jazz eatery*, presents **Literary Readings** every Monday night. The readings will take place at the bar/restaurant, 2065 Bishop. For more information, please call 289-1889.

9:00 p.m.

The Urban Wanderers Reading Series presents Ghost Walk: Stories That Go Bump in the Night. Wear a costume and come hear original and traditional ghost stories told by Anne Dandurand, Ann Diamond, Robert Majzels, Vittorio Rossi and P. Scott Lawrence. The event will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent Blvd. Proceeds to benefit ReCLAIM. For more information, please call 484-3186.

LAUNCHES

Saturday, October 8

4:00 p.m.

Nebula Bookstore presents the launch of *Northern Stars*, an anthology of Canadian science fiction. The launch will take place at Nebula, 1452 St. Mathieu. Admission is free. For more information, please call 932-3930.

5:00 p.m.

danger! bookstore presents the launch of Semiotext(e) Canada. The launch will take place at danger!, 3968 St. Laurent Blvd. Admission is free. For more information, please call 286-2998.

Tuesday, October 18

7:00 p.m.

NuAge Editions and INDEX present the launch of *The Jaguar Temple*, by Julie Keith, and *Lovers: A Midrash*, by Edeet Ravel. The launch will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent Blvd. Admission is free. For more information, please call 271-5722.

Thursday, October 20

5:00 p.m.

Paragraphe Bookstore & Café presents the launch of *Patient No More: The Politics of Breast Cancer*, by **Sharon Batt**. The launch will take place at Paragraphe, 2065 Mansfield. Admission is free. For more information, please call 845-5811.

LECTURES

Tuesday, October 4 7:45 p.m.

The St. James Literary Society presents Christos Sirros, Quebec Minister of Natural Resources and Native Affairs, speaking on "Quebec: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

Thursday, October 6 12:00 noon

The Jewish Public Library presents Ron Finegold speaking on *Teshuvah*, by Adin Steinsaltz, as part of their 1994 Book Review Series on Israeli Writers in Translation. The lecture will take place in the Joseph and Ida Berman Auditorium of the library, 5151 Côte Ste. Catherine Road. Admission is \$2.00. For more information, please call 345-2627.

Monday, October 10

7:00 p.m.

The Jewish Public Library and The Holocaust Memorial Centre present Rabbi Martin Penn and Harry Fogel speaking about the liquidation of the Lodz Ghetto. Mr. Fogel, a survivor, will be reading from his diary written while he was there. The

Lecture takes place at the Joseph and Ida Berman Auditorium of the Library, 5151 Côte Ste. Catherine Road. Admission is free. For more information, please call 345-2627.

Tuesday, October 11

7:45 p.m.

The St. James Literary Society presents Alan Rose, Executive V.P. of the Canadian Jewish Congress, speaking on "Canadian Jewry: An Overview." The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

Tuesday, October 18 7:00 p.m.

The Pierrfonds/Dollard-des-Ormeaux Intermunicipal Library presents a lecture by Quebecois author Madeleine Ouellette-Michalska, speaking on her writing methods and her sources of inspiration. The lecture will take place at the Dollard Library, 12001 De Salaberry Blvd. Admission is free. For more information, please call 684-1496.

7:45 p.m.

The St. James Literary Society presents a lecture by **Royal Orr**, broadcaster and former President of Alliance Quebec. The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

Thursday, October 20

7:45 p.m.

The St. James Literary Society presents Alex K. Paterson, Chairman of the McGill Board of Directors, speaking on "The Super Hospital." The lecture will take place at McGill University's Faculty Club, 3450 McTavish. The annual membership fee to the Literary Society is \$35 for individuals, \$50 for families. For more information, please call Allan Raymond at 489-8741.

8:30 p.m.

The Liberal Arts College of Concordia University presents Professor Steven Pinker, from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, speaking on "The Language Instincts: How the Mind Creates Language." The lecture is part of the Liberal Arts College's Public Lecture Series, and will take place in rm. 101 of the Henry F. Hall Building, 1455 De Maisonneuve West. Admission is free. For more information, please call 848-2565.

Sunday, October 30 8:00 p.m.

The Jewish Public Library and The Marvin A. Drimer Foundation present An Evening with Thomas Keneally, author of Schindler's List, in celebration of Jewish Book Month. The evening will take place at the Temple EmanuEl Beth Sholom, 4100 Sherbrooke St. West. Admission is \$36.00, \$18.00 for seniors and students, and \$50.00 for patrons, who sit in a reserved section. For more information, please call 345-2627.

MISCELLANEOUS

Saturday, October 1 and Sunday, October 2 12 noon **Th**

The 11th Montreal Antiquarian Book Fair will be offering a wide selection of illustrated, out of print and rare books, as well as first editions, fine bindings, maps and prints. The Fair will take place this weekend at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Downtown, 420 Sherbrooke St. West, from noon to 6:00 p.m. on Saturday and from 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. on Sunday. Admission is \$4.00 for both days.

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Monday, October 17

8:15 p.m.

FEAC presents a meeting with **Simon Dardick's Concordia University class**, who will be discussing the **Editor's World**. The meeting will take place at the Atwater Library, 1200 Atwater, second floor. The event is free for members of FEAC, but non-members will have to pay a small fee. For more information, please call Sally Campbell at 842-3011.

Thursday, October 20

6:00 p.m.

Coles Bookstore presents a book signing by author **John Bradshaw**. The signing will take place at Coles, 1171 Ste.
Catherine St. West. For more information, please call 849-8825.

Friday, October 21 12 noon

Coles Bookstore presents a book signing by author **Jacques Pépin**. The signing will take place at Coles, 1171 Ste. Catherine St. West. For more information, please call 849-8825.

Monday, October 31 9:00 a.m.

The Friends of the Library present a mini-exhibit on A Man and His Books — The Private Collection of Dr. Bensley. The exhibition will take place at the Osler Library, 3655 Drummond, from 9:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. For more information, please call 398-8224 or 398-4718.

BOOK CLUBS

Tuesday, October 25 7:15 p.m.

The Pierrefonds/Dollard-des-Ormeaux Intermunicipal Library invites you to come and share your love of books in a friendly and relaxed environment at their monthly Literary Rendez-Vous. This month the club will be discussing Love in the Time of Cholera, by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. The meeting will take place at the Dollard Library, 12001 De Salaberry Blvd. New members are always welcome, but must either be a resident of DDO or Pierrefonds, or pay a \$50/year non-residents fee. For information and registration, please call Jerrolyn Campbell at 684-1496.

Wednesday, October 19

1:00 p.m.

The Pointe Claire Library invites you to join their Book Discussion Club, which meets the third Wednesday of every month at the Library, 100 Douglas Shand. For more information, please call 630-1218.

8:00pm

The Montreal Book Discussion Group invites you to come and join them for serious and lighthearted discussions of the great contemporary and classic works. The group is also planning to start some new discussion subgroups on the topics of Shakespeare, the Bible and the Neo-Freudians. The venue and the book to be discussed at the next meeting are still TBA, but for more information, please call Marco at 735-0744.

date/time TBA

HardCover invites you to meet and discuss great books in an informal setting. The group meets twice a month, generally on every second Sunday. For more information, please call Bryan McKnight at 525-0611.

RADIO & TELEVISION

Saturday, October 1 9:30 a.m.

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture. This week he reviews Fire with Fire: The New Female Power and How it Will Change the 21st Century, by Naomi Wolf; Wild Kat, a novel by Karen Kijewski and Ronald Reagan in Hollywood: Movies and Politics, by Stephen Vaughn. The programme airs on CINQ-FM 102.3FM.

11:00 a.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "Selected Shorts," an hour of classic and contemporary stories. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

5:08pm

Shelley Pomerance hosts "**Saturday Spotlight**," CBC Radio's weekly programme on the arts in Quebec, with reviews and interviews, issues and opinions, and good music, too! The programme airs on **CBC 940AM**.

Sunday, October 2 3:00 p.m.

The CBC Radio programme "Writers & Company" presents American poet Carolyn Forché speaking about twentieth century disasters, and how memory survives the unimaginable. The programme airs on CBC 940AM.

Monday, October 3 to Friday, October 14 10:15 p.m.

The CBC programme "Between the Covers" presents Drowning in Darkness, by Peter Oliva. "Peter Oliva has written an extraordinary first novel. Exquisitely shaped and perfectly controlled, it establishes a tiny corner of Canada — a coal mining town in the Crowsnest Pass — as a magical world where myth, legend and momentous heartbreak hang in the air and haunt the inhabitants" (The Globe and Mail). Read by John Juliani, and produced in Vancouver by Dagmar Kaffunke-Nunn, the programme will air nightly from Monday to Friday on CBC 940AM.

Monday, October 3 10:45 p.m.

CJAD presents "Book Banter," with host Stuart Nulman. This week he reviews Right Honourable Men, by Michael Bliss, and Tell No One Who You Are, by Walter Buchignani. He also examines the American and Canadian bestseller lists, and discusses the latest news in the publishing industry. The programme airs on CJAD 800AM.

Tuesday, October 4 7:00 p.m.

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews On Stage, Off Stage, by Luba Kadison and Joseph Buloff; The Renovated Jewish State, by Yehiel Tzur, and Embattled Selves: Oral Histories of Holocaust Survivors, by Kenneth Jacobson. The programme airs on CKUT 90.3FM.

Thursday, October 6 1:00 p.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "New Letters on the Air" featuring poets and writers reading from their work. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

Friday, October 7 6:00 p.m.

CKUT presents "Literature Montreal," with host Richard Weintrager speaking to Claire Braux, whose new novel, Medusa and Her Sisters, has just been released. The programme airs on CKUT 90.3FM.

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5455 Pare St., Ste. 101 Montreal, PO, EI4P 1P7 Saturday, October 8 9:30 a.m.

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture. This week he reviews *The Distance Between Us*, a novel by Valerie Sayers; *The Man in the Water*, essays and stories by Roger Rosenblatt, and *The Columbia History of the British Novel*, edited by John Richette. The programme airs on **CINQ-FM 102.3FM**.

11:00 a.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "Selected Shorts," an hour of classic and contemporary stories. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

2:30 p.m.

WCFE presents "The Open Mind," an interview/discussion programme with host Richard Heffner speaking to various figures from the arts, media and academic worlds. The programme airs on Channel 57 (Ch. 27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

5:08 p.m.

Shelley Pomerance hosts "**Saturday Spotlight**," CBC Radio's weekly programme on the arts in Quebec, with reviews and interviews, issues and opinions, and good music, too! The programme airs on **CBC 940AM**.

Sunday, October 9 3:00 p.m.

The CBC Radio programme "Writers & Company" presents host Eleanor Wachtel speaking with controversial British writer Jeannette Winterson. The programme airs on CBC 940AM.

Monday, October 10 10:45 p.m.

CJAD presents "**Book Banter**," with host **Stuart Nulman**. The books to be reviewed this week are TBA. He also examines the American and Canadian bestseller lists, and discusses the latest news in the publishing industry. The programme airs on **CJAD 800AM**.

Tuesday, October 11 7:00 p.m.

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews Resistance: Thw Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, by Israel Gutman; The Kommandants Mistress, a novel by Sherri Szeman, and Europe in Our Time: A History, 1945-1992. The programme airs on CKUT 90.3FM.

Thursday, October 13 1:00 p.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "New Letters on the Air" featuring poets and writers reading from their work. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

Friday, October 14 6:00 p.m.

CKUT presents "Literature Montreal," with host Richard Weintrager speaking to Eléna Rivera, whose new book of poetry, Whale, has just been released. The programme airs on CKUT 90.3FM.

Saturday, October 15 9:30 a.m.

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture Themes. This week he reviews *The Encyclopedia of Country Living*, by Carla Emery; *Talking Jazz: An Illustrated Oral History*, by Ben Sidran, and *Graceland: The Living Legacy of Elvis Presley*. The programme airs on CINQ-FM 102.3FM.

11:00 a.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "Selected Shorts," an hour of classic and contemporary stories. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

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The CBC Radio programme "Writers & Company" presents host Eleanor Wachtel talking with literary figures from all over the world. The programme airs on CBC 940AM.

Monday, October 17 to Wednesday, October 26

10:15 p.m. The CBC programme "Between the Covers" presents *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*, by **Roddy Doyle**. Life seen through the eyes of a ten-year-old Irish boy is both funny and fierce. The best-selling author of *The Commitments* won Britain's Booker Prize for this triumphant tale of childhood — where youthful shenanigans share space with a painful family breakup. Read by Mark Lambert and produced by the BBC, the programme will

air nightly from Monday to Friday on CBC 940AM.

Tuesday, October 18 7:00 p.m.

Stanley Asher reviews books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews A Dream Come True, by Eliezer Ben-Yehuda; Forgotten Victims: The Abandonment of Americans in Hitler's Camps, by Mitchell G. Bard, and Prosecuting Nazi War Criminals, by Alan S. Rosenbaum. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

Thursday, October 20 1:00 p.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "New Letters on the Air" featuring poets and writers reading from their work. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

Friday, October 21 6:00 p.m.

CKUT presents "Literature Montreal," with host Richard Weintrager speaking with poet Bryan Sentes, author of The Budapest Suites. The programme airs on CKUT 90.3FM.

Saturday, October 22 9:30 a.m.

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture. This week he reviews The Stolen Party and other stories, by Liliana Heker; Mother Tongue, by Emire Sevgi Ozdamar, and New York: A feast of Memories, by David Donald Carroll. The programme airs on CINQ-FM 102.3FM.

11:00 a.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "Selected Shorts," an hour of classic and contemporary stories. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

2:30 p.m.

WCFE presents "The Open Mind," an interview/discussion programme with host Richard Heffner speaking to various figures from the arts, media and academic worlds. The programme airs on Channel 57 (Ch. 27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

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Sunday, October 23 3:00 p.m.

The CBC Radio programme "Writers & Company" presents host Eleanor Wachtel talking with literary figures from all over the world. The programme airs on CBC 940AM.

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Monday, October 24 10:45 p.m.

CJAD presents "Book Banter," with host Stuart Nulman. The books to be reviewed this eek are TBA. He also examines the American and Canadian bestseller lists, and discusses the latest news in the publishing industry. The programme airs on CJAD 800AM.

Tuesday, October 25 7:00 p.m.

Stanley Asher reviews books on Jewish Themes. This week he reviews Endless Memories, by Fred Daniëls; The Other in Jewish Thought and History, edited by Laurence J. Silberstein and Robert L. Cohn, and Reemerging Jewish Culture in Germany: Life and Literature since 1989, edited by Saider L. Gilman and Karen Remmler. The programme airs on CKUT 90.3FM.

Thursday, October 27 1:00 p.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "New Letters on the Air" featuring poets and writers reading from their work. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

10:15 p.m.

The CBC programme "Between the Covers" presents *The Walk*, by Bill Gaston. From the New Brunswick writer's second collection comes a compassionate story about a young man who reassesses his life when old Mrs. Barastall takes her last walk. Produced in Halifax, the programme airs on CBC 940AM.

Friday, October 28 6:00 p.m.

CKUT presents "Literature Montreal," with host Richard Weintrager speaking with Darius Snieckus, whose new chapbook of poetry, *The Brueghel Desk*, has just been released. The programme airs on **CKUT 90.3FM**.

10:15 p.m.

The CBC programme "Between the Covers" presents *Heaven* on *Earth*, by **Bill Gaston**. What would it be like if everyone told the truth — all the time? Unbearable, according to this searing story from New Brunswick. Produced in Halifax, the programme airs on **CBC 940AM**.

Saturday, October 29 9:30 a.m.

Stanley Asher reviews Books on Pop Culture. This week he reviews Smithsonian Timelines of the Ancient World; Perversity: New Formations – a Journal of Culture, Theory and Politics, spring 1993; Adult Comics: An Introduction, by Roger Sabin. The programme airs on CINQ-FM 102.3FM.

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11:00 a.m.

WSLO Malone, North Country Public Radio, presents "Selected Shorts," an hour of classic and contemporary stories. The programme airs on 90.9FM.

2:30 p.m.

WCFE presents "The Open Mind," an interview/discussion programme with host Richard Heffner speaking to various figures from the arts, media and academic worlds. The programme airs on Channel 57 (Ch. 27 on CF Cable, Ch. 14 on Videotron).

5:08 p.m.

Shelley Pomerance hosts "Saturday Spotlight," CBC Radio's weekly programme on the arts in Quebec, with reviews and interviews, issues and opinions, and good music, too! The programme airs on CBC 940AM.

Sunday, October 30 3:00 p.m.

The CBC Radio programme "Writers & Company" presents host Eleanor Wachtel talking with literary figures from all over the world. The programme airs on CBC 940AM.

Monday, October 31 to Friday, November 4 10:15 p.m.

The CBC programme "Between the Covers" presents Spirit Stories. A week of short stories to match the mood of Hallowe'en as the nights draw in. These tales from diverse cultures raise the spirits that haunt and delight us. The programme will air nightly from Monday to Friday on CBC 940AM.

10:45 p.m.

CJAD presents "Book Banter," with host Stuart Nulman. The books to be reviewed this week are *Insomnia*, by Stephen King and *Dark Rivers of the Heart*, by Dean Koontz. He also examines the American and Canadian bestseller lists, and discusses the latest news in the publishing industry. The programme airs on **CJAD 800AM**.

FOR CHILDREN

Activities at the Westmount Library

* Temporary location: Victoria Hall, 4626 Sherbrooke (until October 1995) (corner Arlington and Sherbrooke, across from the Westmount YMCA) Tel: 989-5229

*all activities are free of charge, and membership to the Westmount Library is not necessary.

Storyhours

Each **Wednesday**, **preschoolers** are invited to drop in for stories, film strips and fun. The 20 minute sessions take place in **English** for **2-3 year olds** at 10:30 a.m. and 3:00 p.m., and for **4-6 year olds** at 10:50 a.m. and 3:20 p.m. Sessions in **French** for **3-6 year olds** are held at 11:10 a.m. and 3:40 p.m.. All sessions are free of charge. No registration is required, and everyone is welcome.

4:00 Club

Children from 6-9 years of age are welcome to join the club on Monday afternoons from 4:00-5:00 p.m. for a programme of story-based arts and crafts. Each week, participants draw ideas and inspiration from children's literature to create their own art projects. The sessions are free of charge. Attendance is limited to 12 children per session, so please call ahead on the morning of the session you wish to attend and a spot will be reserved for you. The phone number is 989-5229.

Storymakers Club

Aspiring authors from 9-12 years of age are invited to join the club on **Thursday** from 4:00-5:00 p.m.. The children create their own stories, plays, poems and illustrations while building on themes and ideas from some of the best new children's books. Sessions, which are held in English, require no registration and are free of charge.

Activities at the Reginald J.P. Dawson Library

1967 Graham Blvd, Town of Mount Royal

Tel: 734-2973

*children must be registered members of the library to participate in all activities

Every Tuesday

10:30 to 10:50 a.m. Storytime in English for 2 year olds.

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Every Wednesday

2:30 to 3:00 p.m. Storytime in English for 3-5 year olds.

Every Wednesday

2:00 to 2:30 p.m. Storytime in French for 3-5 year olds.

Every Thursday

10:30 to 10:50 a.m. Storytime in French for 2 year olds.

Monday, October 31 Spooky Storytime for 3-6 year olds. In English from 2:00 to

2:45 p.m. and in French from 1:00 to 1:45 p.m..

Activities at the Pointe-Claire Public Library

100 Douglas Shand, tel: 630-1218

*For all registrations, the library card and medicare card are required. All the activities mentioned, unless indicated, are held at the Central library.

Making the Library Connection

Every Monday 10:00-11:00 a.m.

A first introduction to the library resources for **3-4 year olds** accompanied by an adult. Nursery rhymes, fingerplays, puppets, basic concept development activities and short stories.

Every Wednesday 10:00-11:00 a.m.

Accompanied by an adult, **3-4 year olds** are invited to attend. This programme's format will be similar to the Monday morning programme, but the instruction will be shared by two animators — one English-speaking and one French-speaking. Registration is limited to 24 children, with an equal number of francophones and anglophones.

Story Hour

Story hour takes place at the **Central library** every **Tuesday** at 10:00 a.m. for **3-5 year olds**. Children may be accompanied by an adult. Registration is necessary.

Story hour takes place at the **Stuart Hall Branch** every **Wednesday** at 3:30 p.m. and 4:15 p.m. No registration is necessary.

Story hour takes place at the **Valois Branch** every **Friday** at 2:30 p.m. and 3:45 p.m. No registration is necessary.

Heure du Conte Heure du conte takes place every **Monday** at 4:00 p.m. for children learning French who are between the ages of **4 and 6**.

Books, Books, Books

An exploration of the world of books for boys and girls **7-8 years old**, looking at themes, for example: family stories, the work of individual authors, but always including a story or two. The programme takes place every **Wednesday**, 4:00 to 5:00 p.m.. Registration is necessary.

Books Are Boring? Never!

A book based programme for **9 year olds and up**, including themes like Survival and Fantasy. Specific authors will be introduced and explored; the whole idea is to prove that reading is fun! The programme takes place every **Wednesday**, from 5:00 to 6:00 p.m.. Registration is necessary.

Creative Writing

Improve your English writing skills and have fun too. Back to basics and forward to frills, the kids aim to publish their work at the library. The programme takes place every **Friday**, for kids ages **7-9** from 4:00-5:00pm and **ages 10 and up** from 5:00-6:00pm. Each child will be able to work at his/her own pace, individually, with a buddy, or in a group.

Children Raving About Books

A book discussion club for children who are beginning to read or who are already reading at the picture book and/or junior fiction level (chapter books). The bi-weekly meetings will include story telling and library activities. **7 to 9 year olds** are especially welcome. The programme takes place on **Fridays** from 4:00-5:00pm at the Stewart Hall Branch. Registration is necessary. Limited to 12 participants (Pointe-Claire library members only).

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The shortlist for the 1994 QSPELL Awards have been announced. The announcement was made during the Open House to inaugurate the new joint office space shared by QSPELL, FEWQ and the AEAQ, located at the Atwater Library. The winners will be announced at the seventh annual QSPELL Gala on November 11. The finalists are as follows:

Hugh MacLennan Prize for Fiction:

Jean-Guy Carrier, *The End of War* (Oberon) Ann Diamond, *Evil Eye* (Véhicule) H. Nigel Thomas, *Spirits in the Dark* (Anansi)

A.M. Klein Prize for Poetry:

Julie Bruck, The Woman Downstairs (Brick)
Raymond Filip, Flowers in Magnetic Fields (Guernica)
Erin Mouré, Sheepish Beauty, Civilian Love (Véhicule)
Ruth Taylor, The Dragon Papers (Muses' Company)

QSPELL Prize for Non-Fiction:

Ghitta Caiserman-Roth & Rita Cohen, Insights, Discoveries, Surprises (McGill/Queens) Susan Gabori, In Search of Paradise (McGill/Queens) Laura Smith Groening, E.K. Brown: A Study in Conflict (U. of Toronto Press)

* * *

Do you have trouble receiving FM broadcast stations? Stations that you would like to listen to, with programs on interesting literary topics?

One popular and effective solution is to erect an outside FM antenna with a rotor. This provides maximum reception from the FM station location. In addition, it permits reception of stations 100 to 150 miles away. If you live in a condominium or apartment and have no way of erecting an outside antenna, there is still hope! An indoor antenna such as an FM ribbon or TV Rabbit Ears will provide effective results. FM signals have directivity, therefore you will have to experiment in the placement and location for optimum results.

It is always best to tune the frequency you want to receive, then play with the antenne. Should a station's signal be weak, an FM pre-amplifier will increase the signal.

(thanks to John Grow for the information)

READ THEM AND REAP

NuAge Editions and INDEX invite you to the launching of

The Jaguar
Temple
by Julie Keith

Lovers: A

Midrash

by Edeet Ravel

The launch will take place at Bistro 4, 4040 St. Laurent, on Tuesday, October 18 at 7:00 p.m. Admission is free. For more information, please call 271-5722.

OCTOB

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	yeika X	10:15pm Between the Covers on CBC 940AM, p.14 10:45pm Book Banter on CJAD, p. 14	10:15pm Between the Covers on CBC 940AM, p.14	10:15pm <i>Between t</i> 940AM, p.
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CONTRACT CONTRACT	Writers & Co. on CBC 940AM, p.16	7:00pm Rabbi Penn & Harry Fogel lec- ture at JPL, p.9 8:00pm Literary Reading at John Alexander, p.5	1:30pm Robertson Davies at Fine Arts Museum, p.5 7:00pm Stan Asher on CKUT, p.16 7:45pm Alan Rose lecture at Faculty Club, p.10	
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3:00pm	Books & Breakfast at the Ritz, p.6 Writers & Co. on CBC 940AM, p.17	8-00pm Literary Reading at John Alexander, p.6 8-15pm FEAC meeting at Atwater, p.12 9-00pm Urban Wanderers at Bistro 4, p.6	5:30pm C.K. Williams at Dawson, p.6 7:00pm NuAge launch at Bistro4, p.9 7:00pm Madeleine Ouellette-Michalsky lecture at DDO Library, p.10 7:00pm Stan Asher on CKUT, p.18 7:45pm Royal Orr lecture at Faculty Club, p.10	
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The son also rises:

Tetsuro Shigematsu

Success is a form of death, pronounces 23-year-old Tetsuro Shigematsu before he smiles, then laughs at his own grandiloquence. He is modest enough and shrewd enough to see the folly of sneering at his recent good fortune: the production of *Rising*

Son, his one-man show, in both Boston and Montreal.

For someone who claims "I haven't studied anything!" Shigematsu has tried many things. "Yet I don't really want to succeed as an actor, a stand-up comic, a casting director or a graphic designer," he claims. Would performance artist come closer? "Not even," he says. "I want to be seen as a story-teller."

Rising Son, which Shigematsu calls "fairly conventional in its dramatic structure, yet sort of cubist in its approach," is a collection of 20 linked stories. They are the stories of a young man growing up Canadian in a traditional Japanese family.

Am I Japanese? Am I my father's son? These are questions Shigematsu has been asking for as long as he can remember. As he began writing *Rising Son*, the young playwright turned to old photo albums, and school

papers; he began talking to other members of his family.



Working with Concordia University instructor Michel Choquette ("a tremendous help as both dramaturge and director"), then with Boston producer Paul Dervis, Shigematsu crafted his memories into a one-man show. The result is a moving mix of hilarity and hard-hitting family truths.

Now it's time to dig further at the roots. Shigematsu is off to Tokyo to teach English for a year. "Going to Tokyo is like the hero's journey. It will be like going into the future." While Shigematsu is uncertain as to what he'll find in this future of his, he's assured of one thing: there will be plenty of new material.

- Denise Roig

Rising Son

(excerpts from a one-man show) by Tetsuro Shigematsu

INTRODUCTION

My name is Tetsuro Shigematsu, but my friends, they call me Hugh. Hugh is a Welsh name, and although I'm not from Wales, I was born in England, in the town of Beckenham just outside of London. I was raised in Surrey, not Surrey, England, but Surrey, British Columbia, a suburb south of Vancouver, which is located very closely to the United States, but still very much a part of Canada. Currently, I live here in Montreal, within the French-speaking province of Quebec, which some say is not a part of Canada. Don't worry if you have trouble keeping track of all this, I get a little confused myself...did I mention I was Japanese?

MATCH STICK

When I was a child, I remember sitting on my father's lap. It was a summer day, and we were sitting beneath the shade of a tree in our backyard, and I remember asking myself out loud: I wonder where match sticks come from?

My father began to answer me, and although I could not understand his Japanese, I could sense nuances of meaning in the music of his voice. Every so often I would catch a word in English:

DAD: Matchsticko.

HUGH: Match stick.

DAD: Sunrighto.

HUGH: Sunlight. DAD: Tsree.

HUGH: Tree.

Match stick, sunlight, tree. And with my childlike logic I pulled these three words together, and created meaning, and this is what I concluded. From the time it was a sapling, a tree would spend its lifetime absorbing the energy of the sun. This tree would grow and grow, soaking up all the rays, until it could contain no more, and just as it was about to burst with light, the tree would be taken down, and broken into tiny fragments. And if ever you found yourself in darkness, and were in need of that light, all you had to do was take that fragment, and strike it, allowing the sun to shine once again.

THE ENZYME

I am a really cheap date. I can't hold my alcohol. If someone so much as spills a bit of beer on my jeans, I'll get a hangover. I hear it's because I lack an enzyme, specifically the enzyme that breaks down and digests alcohol. Apparently this is a condition that is endemic to all Japanese. We as a race cannot hold our alcohol. Now, this fact is important to me, because I don't always feel very rooted in my culture. Sometimes I feel like I'm on the outside looking in, so whenever I find myself contemplating my reflection, in the bottom of a toilet bowl, I am reminded, deep down inside, a part of me is very much Japanese, and how I lack the enzyme.

LANGUAGE BARRIER

My mother tells me there are no swear words in Japanese. I take this on faith. So when the Japanese want to translate an American movie this becomes a problem. Say Stallone goes: Shit! The Japanese translation would be: Yapari! Which means, Nevertheless!

I was 15 years old and at the height of my rebellious stage. I was leaving the house with my skateboard to thrash the avenues of suburbia... when my father pulled into the driveway. I began to skate around the car, but he opened the door, blocking my path:

DAD: Weir do you think yo gowing?

HUGH: Out.

DAD: You haven't done yo chose!

HUGH: Chill out man.

DAD: Don't tao me to chiw out, what is it that you do that is so important?

HUGH: I'm going skateboarding. You gotta problem with that?

DAD: Yes prawbrem! You skateboardo too muchu, dat is prawbrem!!

And with that he grabbed my skateboard and threw it across the driveway. My first instinct was to hit, but I couldn't. So my violent hatred took the form of words, and I attacked. By the time I was through, nothing sacred or sexual was left undesecrated. I had been truly eloquent in my use of vulgarities, especially the part when I told him where he could stick his chopsticks. My father retaliated with a torrent of caustic consonants, and spraying saliva. Although I couldn't understand a word he was saying, I could see by the changing colors in his face that my father was coming up with some extremely nasty variations of Nevertheless!

GIN GIN GIDA GIDA

When I was about 4, my family started to attend this Presbyterian church every Sunday. We would always sit in the pew closest to the exit, so by the time the service was over, we would already be out the door. Now this wasn't because we didn't like church. Church was fine, we just didn't like the people. You see, we were the only Japanese family within a very white church, and I think this made the rest of the congregation feel EXTRA compelled to make us feel EXTRA welcome. But my father being Japanese, attention was the last thing he wanted, and so by the time that closing hymn was being sung, my family would very discreetly vanish. We came to be known as the Phantom Shigematsus. We could appear and disappear without a trace. Such skills didn't come naturally, though. They were learned. Every Saturday night, my father would review strategy with us kids.

DAD: Rule number 1: The shortest distance between the pew and the exit is a stwaight rdine. Rule number 2: Keep hands in pockets to avoid handshakes. Rule number 3: Keep head down to avoid eye contact, and Rule number 4: If someone caws out yo name, petend you don't speak Engdish!

I tried to pay attention to my father's instructions, but sometimes I got lazy, and paid the price. One Sunday, I got caught. By no one less than the pastor himself.

PASTOR: Hey there lil' fella, how'd you like to be in a show!

HUGH: Me? In a show? Sure, okay.

PASTOR: Great, I'll talk it over with your mother.

Me in a show? Holy cow! This could only mean one thing; I was finally going to get to play the lead in the annual Christmas church pageant; Joseph: step father to God! Every year I was always passed over. I couldn't figure it out. I was always the top Sunday school student, yet I was never asked to be Joseph. But not this year. I'd paid my dues, my time had come. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! God is just. On the car ride home, I suddenly realized something:

HUGH: Mom, if I'm going to be in the show, I'm going to need a costume.

MOM: Yes, your costume is at home.

HUGH: Oh, okay.

When we got home, my mom brought out this trunk.

MOM: Here is your costume.

HUGH: A fan? Oh yeah! We'll be in a barn, so I have to swat the flies away from baby Jesus! Cool. An umbrella? Oh yeah the sun will be beatin' down on that long haul from Egypt.

HUGH (as John Wayne): You okay back there, Mary? Alright.

HUGH: Joseph wouldn't wear this! This is my sister's kimono. Mom! How am I supposed to play Joseph in the Christmas pageant wearing this? Everyone knows he never wore a kimono, he wore a brown bathrobe!

MOM: Joseph? Christmas pageant? You're not going to play in any Christmas pageant. You're going to the old folks home, and perform Gin Gin Gida Gida.

HUGH: Gin Gin Gida Gida? Oh no, not Gin Gin Gida Gida!

MOM: But we promised the pastor.

HUGH: I'm not doing no Gin Gin Gida Gida!

MOM: Your father will be very angry!

HUGH: I don't care, I won't do it. I'm not doing Gin Gin Gida Gida! I won't do it. MOM: But your Grandmother taught it to me when I was little girl in Japan, and you do it so well...

HUGH: I won't do it! NO! NO! No! I won't do it.

MOM: We'll take you to McDonald's.

So I went from performing the lead in the church musical in front of the whole congregation, to doing a little Oriental song and dance at the old folks home. All for a lousy cheeseburger. God, they sold me out cheap. One good thing though, we did have a captive audience. You see, the brakes on their wheelchairs were always locked.

(Spin umbrella, stop, lift turn left, dip umbrella to DSR with both hands. Right hand lifts umbrella to arch, left hand goes down around to meet it. Umbrella above and on down to floor, DSL. Sleeves turning left, left arm above...Then pull fan with right arm, making a semi-circle with left arm. Fan is in both hands on the right side. Bloom fan towards left. RH down with flutter. RH with fan, undulate wrist, above head turning right, arriving to face downstage.)

APPLAUSE

HUGH: They clapped too. I never forgave them.

BLACK BELT, WHITE LIE

A complaint I often hear from my black friends is that people tend to assume that they were born with certain innate abilities. Either that they can dance really well, or that they can play a mean game of one on one. As an Asian, I can empathize. People often assume I am a master of the martial arts.

Now as you can well see, this assumption is not entirely untrue. I have indeed studied Karate and Judo for a number of years. What I don't tell people is that despite all my years of training I have never advanced beyond the white belt. Now for those of you who are not familiar with the intricacies of the martial arts grading system, the white belt is awarded to you when you can demonstrate your ability to pay for the first six weeks of lessons. I'm not sure why I never got beyond the white belt. Maybe it was because whenever I got hit or thrown to the floor, I wouldn't get up. I would stay curled up on the mat, with my arms around my head, or pretend to be unconscious. Through trial and error, I discovered this was the only way my opponent would stop attacking me. This was supposed to be self-defense, right? But my Sensei was rather unsympathetic:

SENSEI: You let a girl do this to you?

HUGH: She's better than me!

SENSEI: You have been here three years. This is her first day! What are you, jelly

donut?

My brother met with more success than I did. He got his yellow belt after only a few months. But the times were tight, and the belts were expensive. So late at night, my mother filled the sink with water, took out the yellow food coloring, and practiced her alchemy. As my brother continued to advance, yellow, to orange to red, my mother would continue staining, thinking my brother would never know the difference. He knew all right, but he didn't really seem to mind. You see, by the time he was being awarded his green belt his belt was nearly black.

My years of taking martial arts weren't entirely wasted, though. Part of the reason my parents enrolled me was because we lived in a very rough neighborhood, and while it was true that I never learned how to fight, the very fact that I was studying the martial arts seemed to give me a very tough reputation.

In other words, they called me Bruce. No one would fight me. Thank God. Well, almost no one. There was this one kid, named Tony. A very tough kid who seemed to feel threatened by my lethal reputation. So in order to prove himself, he challenged me

to a fight. I tried to get out of it. I told my friends to warn him against it: HUGH: Tell him I got a black belt.

TONY: What? This chink is gonna practice chop suey on me? I'll kick his fucking ass.

I was mortified. The moment of truth arrived, and Tony is cracking his knuckles. My buddies are so excited, they can't wait to finally see me wax on and wax off. They had heard so many stories about me, my stories. Not only was everyone going to find out I was full of shit, but I was going to get it kicked out of me as well. I'm trying to think of a way out of this, but I can't. Maybe, I could say:

HUGH: Uh, sorry to disappoint you, Tony, but I can't fight you. I'm Japanese, you're Italian... no enzyme.

TONY: Come on, you gonna fight or not?

I closed my eyes. Everyone thought I was meditating, or absorbing some mystic martial arts energy, but I was really just trying to remember some moves from old Kung Fu movies. If I was going to get beaten up, I might as well pretend to fight back instead of... But only one scene came to mind, and it involved mostly talking.

BRUCE: With my white foot, I could kick yo nose. With my weft hand, I could poke

BRUCE: With my white foot, I could kick yo nose. With my weft hand, I could poke your eyes out. With my white foot, I could kick yo balls. With my weft hand I could tao yo haut out. Wook at my eyes, I'm an oriental.

That was fine for a movie, but this was real life, and I was about to get my butt kicked. Oh well, might as well make a dramatic exit. So what do I do? I know, I'll move around like a cat. Okay, now what do I do with my mouth? Why don't I go through all the vowels, yeah that's it, all the vowels:

HUGH: A E I O U and sometimes Y.

In my excitement, I pansy-slapped Tony on the ear. He goes down like a rock. He begins to bawl. I thought he was making fun of me. But he was really crying. I had hardly touched the guy, and Tony was bawling his eyes out. I couldn't believe it. His friends started dragging him away.

TONY'S FRIENDS: This ain't over. We're coming back for you. Next time we see you, you're dead! You're dead!!

They never came back. That night, I filled the sink with water, and dyed my white belt yellow.

TOKYO NIGHTMARE

Thave never been to Japan. But that doesn't mean I don't dream about it. The dream Lis always the same; I find myself in a room, a square room, a room so square it looks like the inside of a cube. Each wall is divided into squares, and within these squares, there are more squares, and more squares. Perpendicular perfection all around. A screen door slides open and I'm on my way to school, I am wearing a black school uniform with a stiff choking collar, and shiny silver buttons, the kind you either see in historical black and white photographs or on rock stars. I am running to keep warm, the sun hasn't come up yet, but I'm already late for prep school. Sitting in the classroom, I can't understand what the teacher is saying because his mouth is out of sync with his speech, like a poorly dubbed Chinese Kung Fu movie. But I do manage to catch one thing; he announces today is Exam Hell. Students who pass will become CEOs and politicians, students who fail will be required to commit suicide. I am given a piece of paper that looks like chicken scratch. I fail resoundingly. I am given a Ginsu knife to disembowel myself, but I fail that test too. I decide to throw myself in front of a train, but I can't get to the edge of the platform, it's too crowded. A full train arrives. The mass surges forward. I don't want to get on, but an attendant with white gloves, grabs me by the ass, and forces me onto the train. Defying all laws of mass, physics and density, we somehow manage to fit. We're packed in so tight, half of us breathe in while the other half breathe out. Everyone looks the same. I can hardly tell the women from the men. And I wonder: if Japanese women can't say no, does that mean they're easy? But the thought of sex with these women seems incestuous, they all look just like my sisters. The men don't look so good either, I'm surrounded by short salary men, who all wear dark blue suits, and glasses. They look just like my father, except he doesn't read pornographic comic books. Well, at least I don't think he does. I look for my reflection in the window, but amidst all the black hair, slanted eyes, and eye glasses, I can't pick myself out. I'm starting to suffocate. My glasses fog up, but I'm so squished I can't free my arms to wipe them. The train pulls to a stop. I can't see what station we're at. I ask the other commuters, but their glasses are fogged up too.

The train starts picking up speed. I'm on the Bullet train. We enter a tunnel. It's black all around. I can't see anything. We're going nowhere fast. There's a light! There's a light at the end of the tunnel. It's getting close. Wait a second, the light's in the tunnel. It's another train. Oh no, it's Amtrak!!! My life passes before my eyes. Gosh, I've eaten a lot of rice! I find myself in a coffin. Oh no! I'm already dead! But I have to

admit, such a nice coffin! It's so roomy, it's got sheets, a pillow, a miniature Sony TV, and a Plexiglas window for my feet. Wait a second, this ain't no coffin, it's a capsule motel. I can't afford one of these! They're like 10,000 yen a night! And who knows how much that could be? I'm about to sneak out, but my capsule begins to tremble. Is it an earthquake? Or a tsunami? What if this really isn't a capsule motel, but really just a big vending machine for really big companies that want to buy really hard workers for really cheap? The whole motel is being shaken violently. It must be another atomic bomb! I look through my porthole, and it's worse, it's Godzilla, and he's sucking salary men from the capsules, like a bear sucking honey from a honeycomb. One salary man yells out: Please tell my wife to bury me in the company graveyard! Godzilla eyeballs me next. His massive glass eye is squished up against the Plexiglas. It's just like Jurassic Park, less real, but more scary. His giant lizard tongue begins probing the inner depths of my coffin. There's no escape. I'm about to be sucked in:

HUGH: But it's not fair, it's not fair, I'm a Canadian, I won't taste the same!

I have yet to go to Japan.

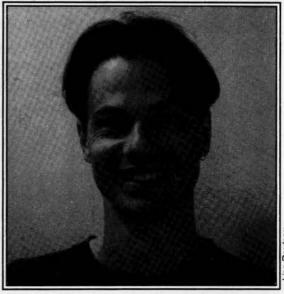
Poetry in motion:

Richard Harrison

The poems in Hero of the Play are meditations on hockey, and you've written of both the philosophical issues that you bring to the game and of the tensions and dynamics of the game itself. The poems create a sense of both what is watched and the act of observing. I keep getting a

sense of things passing by very quickly, of getting glimpses of things, then having to move on to the next. But, why hockey?

I admit, I had to think all through the project about why I was doing this. I mean, in a way, the game is meaningless. The players are down there, taking shots, making passes, he scores! Who cares? Millions of people care, and they care because they can look into those actions and fill them with their own meaning. Sport has meaning as ritual. Hockey is pure metaphor. It is pure likeness to something else. But what it is like, and how that likeness "fits" into our lives depends on how we speak of it. The game repeats itself over and over, and waits for us to come along and give it



isa Rouleau

meaning. This doesn't mean that hockey is neutral. There are issues of violence because of the way the game is played, and sexual politics because of the way the society in which hockey occurs is organized. The way these issues occur in hockey is part of the character of the game. But more importantly, from a poetic standpoint hockey has its own language. On one hand that language acts as all ritual languages do: it sets itself off from the rest of the world, and it describes itself to those speakers inside it. You can find out how far "in" the hockey world you are by the words you recognize, like "Gretzky", "icing", "Jagr", or "Baca". If you are not in the world of hockey, though, these names and terms, and all that goes along with them is just more trivia. And it can be very alienating trivia if you don't share that world, I mean, if you're not "a fan." On the other hand, that language sets out how hockey will be spoken of. So that language, as well as setting limits between "hockey" and "the world" has its own limits. Writing for me is an act of immersion, and I really got immersed in the language of hockey, which for me is a very rich emotive language. It's evocative. It's fun. I wanting to keep finding the moments where something from the world of hockey could reach out beyond the confines of the language of hockey to touch – and at the same time speak of – the world outside it. I also wanted to find the limits of that language; to take a term or an image and see just how far it could be pushed, just how much of the world hockey could speak of, how much of it is left unspoken.

-Carmine Starnino

The Use of Force

- New York Rangers at Montreal, February 9, 1991

It boils at the centre of the game: Lyle, the home team boy, pulling Randy, from New York, away from the clot of men in the corner of the rink. Lyle wants to fight, and Randy, the smaller man, holds big Lyle's jersey at the cuffs, trying to pin his arms. Gently, almost like leaves on a stream, they drift towards Centre, their hands naked now, their heads unhelmeted; this is the undressing. Soon we'll see them pull at each other's sweaters, we'll see the padding each man has strapped around his chest, the body covered in fragments: a piece...a space...a piece.... But then Lyle's hand pops free and his bared fist goes down and down on Randy's face, and the crowds anticipation, the listless, frustrating play of the home team, bursts from the throats of the 17000 at the Forum that night, a roar I can feel tremble down the centre of my ribcage, my stomach, my groin, the way Polynesian sailors without compasses navigated their reedy boats, their genitals feeling the roll of the sea (and I'm in Canada in a huge, cold room). Lyle has finished his offering to the crowd, and the officials draw lines between him and the shaking Randy; I can still hear my parents saying, when I saw my first hockey fight on TV, They can't punch very hard on skates. But Randy has been brought to the ice, his sky filled with Lyle's fist, and the Rangers do not fare well this night, while the Canadiens find Caesar's tide, and break the game open in their favour.

Lindros

has become unavoidable, appears in the NHL 75th
Anniversary Commemorative Book though at the time
of printing he hadn't played a minute for an NHL team;
some people make your history from the outside like
Marx and Russia where they played the team concept to perfection.
When their veterans came over the skill they lacked most
was taking the shot without passing, and Makarov lead the
league without scoring a goal. Ken Dryden says the famous
soft hands is because the Russians were afraid of breaking
their shoddy sticks, but Lindros is afraid of breaking nothing.
I saw him bust a man's collarbone in Maple Leaf Gardens and
nearly break another man's leg, score one goal and assist on
another. The fans went wild, and it proves how little we have
for ourselves: given the chance, I'd be him and you are right
to doubt my love.

Language

This is the season Jagr will blossom: his 3rd as a pro, 2 Stanley Cups, a great playoffs behind him. This year John Kordic is dead; in my mind I've followed him after games to the strip bars of Yonge Street where John bought the line that sex can be made as simple as hockey; in the dark of the Zanzibar he finds his place smoothly, opens the hands he balled into fists in the Gardens; he calls a woman to his table to dance; before she begins, he says *Don't turn around*. In the pool, we are gearing up for the draft, the League in flux because of the European talent. Did you see Jagr score in the game that eliminated Chicago? stick-handling around three men then sliding the puck like a surprise confession under Belfour? They asked him how he did it, but he couldn't explain; lacking the language to describe his own body, he is only more beautiful.

The Feminine

My plan for a deck of hockey Tarot cards failed for want of the truly feminine. I could make some figure a woman in the game; Canada's women's team is the best in the world, and maybe I could push the notion until it does not matter, woman or man - just The Player. But I'd be lying. This is not why I love the game, or why its symbols work like runes in my language. This is a game the women watch, its gentler moments taken in their image: The Trainer, running to the Fallen Man Beside the Boards, cradling the face now loose and looking skyward in his hands, smoothing his hair with a towel; the Equipment itself, stockings, girdles, garters. At the time I did not understand what the woman next to me at a hockey game was trying to teach when she wondered aloud whether she would find a better lover in another woman as the players below us skated the warm-up, around and around their own side of Centre, lofting long, lazy Pucks at their Goalie. There is a Mask on my face, the game divides us. Again I've come to a profession of love in words I cannot use for you, with all the women left in the stands where I demand that you sit and love it all.

Richard Harrison – *Rheaumi*

Rheaume

Here is the desire of Manon Rhéaume: to stop the puck. Come down from the stands, strap on the big pads, painted mask, disappear into goalie the way a man can be a man and not a man inside the armour. To forget in the motion of the save that we do not forget that she is always a woman and sex is everything: if she wasn't pretty she'd never hear her looks got her on the NHL team in Tampa Bay where the ushers are women hired from a bar called Hooters, and David Letterman wouldn't have her on Late Night prodding her again and again, Say Ock-ee, if Brett Hull was ugly as a wet owl and scored 86 goals a season, still there'd be kids with his poster on their bedroom doors. To be a woman and have it be her play that counts. To stop the puck where the best are men, for men to be better than they are. On your wall is a collage of women with their arms raised, they are dancing, they are lifting weights, they are marching against apartheid. One is a goddess with snakes in her hands; Catwoman reaches for Gotham, Boadicea shakes a spear in the face of Rome, two nuns run splashing into the laughing waves: here, I give you Rhéaume and a glove save, the puck heading for the top corner. Stopped.

Between two worlds:

John Asfour & Alison Burch

What were some of the frustrations in translating Muhammad al-Maghut's poetry?

Mostly the frustration of knowing there was a good poem in front of you and not being able to coax it out. Alison and I had to discard quite a few poems which, after being translated, lost their validity; where the imagery that had worked so valuably in Arabic suddenly went very flat. Of course you always run into a phrase, a line or an image that doesn't lend itself easily to being carried over into English, so what you do in a case like that is you try to eliminate some of the literalness of the translation and try to rely on the spirit of the line or the spirit of the idea. Translating often becomes a matter of recreating the original work.



Muhammad al-Maghut

Given the overtly political nature of al-Maghut's poems, were you ever worried, when translating them, that what was moving and poignant in the original might be understood as propaganda in English?

I really didn't worry myself about that at all. I was always much more interested in the poetry rather than the politics. I guess it is to be expected, though, that somebody will say that this is propaganda poetry. But remember, this is a man whose trying to be the voice of his people. He talks about discrimination, he talks about the human spirit being stepped on and degraded. You can see how these poems can be applicable to Latin America, to Eastern Europe; there is a universality to their themes. They're concerned with the underdog, the downtrodden, with individuals who can't express themselves, who are suppressed and can't do anything about their suppression. And he is also struggling with himself, the same struggle that Eliot and Pound and Auden endured, and still plagues contemporary poets: is poetry valuable enough to speak for the masses, and if it doesn't say something, and doesn't serve a purpose, why should it be written, and why should anybody pay attention to it?

-Carmine Starnino

Stars and Rain

In my mouth, another mouth; behind my teeth, more teeth.

My folks, my people:
you who've sent me into the world like a bullet
while hunger, fetus-like, beats in my gut
and I feed on the insides of my cheeks:
What I write in the morning
disgusts me in the evening;
whomever I shake hands with at nine
I wish to kill at ten.
I hanker after a huge flower, the size of a face,
and a great hole between the shoulders
for all my memories to stream from.
My fingers bore each other
and my eyebrows are two enemies in confrontation.

I want my body to vibrate like a wire in some distant cemetary, or tumble into a well stocked with beasts, mothers, and bracelets. I've forgotten the shape of spoons and taste of salt, moonlight and the smell of children. My stomach bulges with cold coffee and bad water, my throat's jammed with paper scraps and slabs of snow. How I crave the water that we once knew.

With collars stiff to the chin,
sticky lips and button-nipped wrists
we stop to eat or yearn,
batting at blackflies with poems and scarves
to see a tree or a bird pass.
With tiny, merciless feet we stoop
and kick the ribs of the countryside from street to street.

Clean as cotton, shiny as myrtle leaves, up and down like a killer's dagger
I would climb a hundred flights of spiral stairs in the shoes of fame and hatred, hanging my misery by nails on the wall, planting my eyes on distant balconies and on rivers returning from captivity.

Then would I see them all under the yellow sky — the peaceable rich,

the bestial poor —
millions of teeth clashing in the street;
stern faces
casting their eyes down before the thunder.
I'd see hasty funerals
and bridles afire on wild horses in the street;
see workers falling from high-rises
duly buried with their tobacco,
clothes and lunch boxes
under the rain.
Nothing in the desert would revolt.
Only the wind would whistle in the pasture
and little graves, like dew
descend on hats and raincoats.

I'd see the breezes packaged
and newsprint bleared in the rain,
drink filthy water,
lick butter spoiled with breast blood,
and entertain no doubts
about this land that sleeps like a child,
this land twisted like a butcher.
But through the windows, swarms
of stars, bodies, triggers,
I'd be searching for a fatal blow on the face;
for some small sea to wear as a shoe;
for delicacies to sling about my wrist like a veil.
Long staircases and victory halls tire me.
I'd rather pop corn at sunset
and munch on stones and pebbles.

I want to hold some far-off thing to my chest:
a wild flower
or a muddy shoe the size of an eagle.
I want to eat, drink, die
and sleep at the same instant;
on and on I run
like a cloud stricken with scabies
or a single wave chased by the sea.

The Surplus Man

I am the one who has not been killed yet at war, by earthquake or street accident.

What shall I do
with those years that wave before me like the sea before the pelican?

After mailing the flower of my words with letters and petitions, when my future's been etched like a swan on a school blackboard do I explain my dreams

with whispers and touches, like a blind man or leave them to flow down the sides of my head like glue down trees at the equator?

Let my windows usher in

a little breath from the forest!

I'm about to suffocate.

My lungs strain to escape my chest
like an orphan's eyes.

My voice dies off like the thunder's,
having no future generation to sing to
nor any old mouth to return to.

Hey, builders:
prop me up with a stone!
I crack, like walls mixed by crooked contractors;
collapse like snow hills in spring sun.

If one could change countries, like dancers in nightclubs!

Even The Branches Tremble

I'll screech, dear, like a displaced crow if you don't give me your lantern in the night your arm in old age, your bed in the cold and bread in hard times.

I'll load my gun with tears and confound the country with my screams if you don't give me a wing and a storm to leave on and a swallow's staff to return with. Even the tall branches tremble when I look to them and cry!

Should the passing days steal from my soul, fingers and eyes what the knife steals from the fruit and autumn from the branches, I would become a child, wood stove-high; burn the world and fashion a crypt of its ashes for a small bicycle I know of, or a blues-playing pipe

for an old country I worship.

Thirty years have passed since I've dandled a doll or been poked by a granddad;
I've clung to no skirts and cried in no alleys.

An Arab Traveller in Space

Scientists and technicians,
give me a passport to space!
I am an envoy from my tearful country.
In the name of its widows, old men and children send me a free ticket to space.
Instead of money in my hand
I have tears.

No room?

Put me on the tail of the spaceship on its roof for I am a villager, and accustomed to that. I will not hurt a star

I will not abuse a cloud all I want is to reach the sky with utmost speed to place a scourge in the hand of God that he may whip us into a new order.

Coffin Missing a Lid

I stand at the edge of madness as a child stands at a window ledge. The moon is not in the sky and my love's not in the bed. My childhood is as remote as my old age, my country distant as my exile as I chase to the right and left like a blind river losing direction in the storm. I envy the nail which has wood to surround and protect it: envy corpes bleeding in the desert which have crows to befriend and caw for them. I hanker for tyranny and terrorism wishful to swing from the branches, latch onto bicycles and the clothes of passersby. I would cling to anythingprison bars, if need be. I am more than lost. Should I fall off my chair in the café I might not hit the ground for thousands of years.

the last page...

Sweet Everlasting by Bruce Whiteman

Small mercies of wildflower, picked and pressed eight years ago and a summer, complicit with a more tender time. Chance discovery some year or other carries lovely thing once alive easily into whatever eternity is, or a little of it anyway.

Suppose the heart lasts forever? It does not, but when it loves fiercely and says so it might have half a chance. Old survivals are what we count on.

